

BITE by MallBRATgrl_911

Series: Stonathan Week 2017 [2]

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Alternate Universe - College/University, Fashion Student
Steve, Fluff, M/M, NYU - Freeform, Photography Student Jonathan,
The Bat - Freeform, slight angst

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Characters: Jonathan Byers, Steve Harrington

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Summary:

Steve and Jonathan both go to NYU, Steve is a sophomore fashion major and Jonathan is a freshman photographer. Steve is up working on some sketches at one in the morning when he thinks he sees one of the mannequins move. He tells himself it's just his anxiety and paranoia, and maybe one too many cups of coffee, but he still can't shake the feeling. So he ends up calling Jonathan who of course understands so he heads over right away even though he had just finally been drifting off to sleep.

BITE

Steve was sitting in one of the fashion classrooms while working on some sketches for his latest designs that were due in two weeks. It was going well, he was listening to the playlist Jonathan made for him and it was really helping him focus, but he couldn't shake the feeling someone or something was watching him. He told himself it was just his paranoia and anxiety, but he couldn't shake it.

He was surrounded by mannequins and they were kind of off-putting, especially the full-body ones. Out of the corner of his eye, he could have sworn he saw one their heads move. He shook his head aggressively and whispered to himself, "Come on, Steve, it's just a stupid mannequin. Just stay calm," but after all the things that happened in Hawkins, he wasn't so sure he could believe that.

He picked up his phone and looked at the time, it was the middle of the night. He sighed and shook his head again. It was late and he was hyped up on coffee, that was it. He wasn't gonna let this get to him. He was stronger than that. Or at least that's what he told himself until he could have sworn he heard the scraping of metal and wasn't that mannequin closer to the window just a minute ago?

He pushed his pride aside and decided to call Jonathan. The younger boy picked up, "Steve?" His voice was rough like he had been asleep, fuck. "I'm sorry were you asleep? It's not that important, I just—" Steve rambled our quickly but Jonathan cut him off, "Steve, sweetheart, it's fine. I wasn't asleep. What's wrong you sound scared?"

Steve bit his lip, "Well I'm, um, in the fashion room, working on that one design that I told you about, and I have this feeling someone's watching me. Also, I think the mannequins are moving. I know it sounds stupid but then I heard something and I—" Jonathan cut him off again, "Steve, Steve, Steve, baby, it's okay, take a deep breath. After everything we've been through nothing sounds stupid. I'll be down there right away, which fashion room are you in?"

Steve took a deep breath, listening to his boyfriend, "I'm in fashion room C, the one right next to the emergency exit on the third floor."

He heard Jonathan moving around, "I'm on my way right now, baby," Steve smiled but quickly added as an afterthought, "Oh and bring the bat." Jonathan gave a little laugh, "Alright, I'll bring it. Just hold tight, baby," Then he hung up.

Steve sighed and looked around the room, he was starting to get claustrophobic even though it was a fairly big room. He tried to focus on his sketches again but then he heard the scrape again and his heart began to race. He turned his music up, Jonathan was on his way, he would be fine.

He couldn't focus on his work so he just stared at it and prayed for Jonathan to hurry up. He heard the scrape again despite his music being turned up then the door busted open, "Steve, are you alright?" Steve shot up at the sight of Jonathan, he had the bat and was ready to swing.

Steve let out a cry of relief, "Thank god, Jonathan, come here," Jonathan made his way over and Steve pulled him into a hug, "I kept hearing this sound, it sounded like the scrape of metal and it made my hairs stand on end!" Jonathan soothed him and whispered, "It's alright, baby, I'm here now. You're okay. I'm sure it's nothing. Let me have a look around and see if I can find anything."

Steve let him go and he started to walk around the classroom. He looked at all the mannequins and under the desks, he turned to Steve, "Which one of these mannequins did you think moved?" Steve pointed at the one closest to him, he could have sworn it was near the window when he got there.

Jonathan moved closer to it, grip on the bat firm, ready to swing if needed. He got closer and uneasy, these things were pretty creepy. There was a loud sound, the scrape of metal like Steve had mentioned. Jonathan's eyes went wide and he swung the bat and hit the mannequin.

The mannequin hit the floor with a loud bang and Steve let out a shout. Jonathan looked over to him and there was the sound again. They both looked over to the metal cabinet before looking at each other.

They walked over and Jonathan said, “Alright, you open in and if anything comes out of it I’ll swing. On the count of three, one, two, three!” Steve opened the door and something came flying out. Jonathan swung but miss and Steve yelled out, “Don’t swing, Jonathan!” Jonathan held back his next swing and looked to see it was just a pigeon.

He frowned, “How the hell did a pigeon get in here, let alone the cabinet?” Steve laughed, “Well sometimes we leave the windows open while we work and people in the fashion department aren’t always the brightest, so I mean it probably flew in and someone didn’t see it when they closed up.”

Jonathan just shook his head, “God, so what does this make us? I just hit a mannequin and swung at a pigeon, with a bat full of nails. And you were the one who thought the mannequins were moving.” Steve smiled softly and pulled Jonathan into a hug, “That makes us two paranoid idiots who probably don’t get enough sleep and drink way too much coffee.”

Jonathan laughed and kissed Steve, “Come on, pack up your stuff and I’ll walk you back to your dorm.” Steve grinned before moving to pack up his things, putting his sketches in his folder before shoving it into his bag and they headed out.

As they walked to Steve’s dorm on the cool November night they held hands, letting them swing back and forth between them. Steve looked at Jonathan who was talking about something to do with one of his photography projects and he couldn’t stop grinning, “I have the most amazing boyfriend in the world, scratch that, the universe, wait no, in any universe.”

Jonathan shook his head and chuckled, “Well how can that be when I have the best boyfriend in any universe?” Steve rolled his eyes, “You came running to save me with a bat with nails in it in the middle of the night, Jonathan, I think you win the best boyfriend award.” Jonathan nodded, “Yeah, but I know you’d do the exact same thing if I called out up and said that I saw a strange shadow in the darkroom.”

Steve nodded, “Okay, alright, I think we can just say we tie for best

boyfriend and you can kiss me because you think I'm pretty." Jonathan laughed, "I think I can definitely deal with that." He moved to kiss Steve before they continued walking.

When they wound up and Steve's dorm Jonathan kissed him and said, "Goodnight, babe, I'll text you when I make it back to my dorm." Steve shook his head and pulled into a hug before whispering, "Why don't you just stay with me tonight? We can squeeze onto my small ass bed and it'll be nice." Jonathan sighed, he could never say no to Steve, no matter how much he wanted to, "Alright."

They quietly moved to strip down to their underwear and climbed into Steve's bed. They cuddled close together, Steve basically lying on top of Jonathan. Steve whispered, "Goodnight, Jonathan, I love you." Jonathan smiled and ran his hand through the older boy's hair, "I love you too."

Steve stiffened for a second before saying, "You really mean that, right? You're not just saying that because I said it to you right?" Jonathan just kissed the top of his head and Steve relaxed a bit, he knew why Steve asked this, hated that he was part of the reason his boyfriend had this worry.

"I promise you I mean it, Steve. I am completely and utterly in love with you. Now go to sleep." Steve relaxed fully and moved impossibly closer to Jonathan. They fell asleep with Jonathan running his hand through Steve's thick and messy hair. Both feeling safe in each other's arm.

Author's Note:

I hope you enjoyed this one, I thought it was cute.
Please tell me what you think!